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VOLUME 37, ISSUE 3:  
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**SPEAK: COMMUNITY COUNCIL MINUTES • CAT NAP • THE MYSTERIOUS ENCOUNTER OF MYSTERIOUS MYSTERIES, AND A SHAMELESS ADVERTISEMENT • A BUNCH OF OLIVIA PRATO**

**HATE: PUB SAF • AN EXAMPLE OF SCHOOL SPIRIT • LITTERING IS BAD • HIST 302**

**LIES: HOROSCOPES • A BUNCH OF POETRY**

## Staff

|   |  |
|---|--|
| Sky Reid-Mills                              | Jonathan Gardner                           |
| For the free food                           | The fate of the universe depends on it.    |
| Fiona Stewart-Taylor                        | Devin Morse                                |
| Bloody, Bloody Andrew Jackson               | To get to the other side                   |
| Ben Batchelder                              | Stephen Morton                             |
| Because there are starving people in Africa | Genital modification is a thing people do. |
| Allison McCarthy                            | Olivia Prato                               |
| Glitter corgi, in a wok                     | Kill all the puppies.                      |
| Breton Handy                                | Greg Larsen                                |
| I think you should make one up.             | Because he's not too cool                  |
| Dana Mendes                                 | Ian McEwen                                 |
| The Catholics are attacking!                | Pig Roasting                               |
| Bea Carbone, Where is She?                  | Dan Homer                                  |
| Middle room at Saga                         | For democracy!                             |

## Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: **we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous.** Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. **The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it.** Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. **Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views.** (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an honestly pretty adequate monitor, nowadays. You should come. We don't bite. **You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in the Dining Commons, the post office, or on the door of your mod** (if we get to putting it on doors, anyway).

## TO SUBMIT

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu) or Ian McEwen, Box 286.

### Steve Jobs is Dead

BEN BATCHELDER

Back in high school, I was working at the Subway on Northfield Avenue when an obese woman came in and ordered two footlongs and a personal pizza. The first footlong was a meatball parm, the second one was a Subway Club, and the personal pizza had everything on it. All the meats, all the veggies, everything. She also ordered a large coke.

And I'm thinking, OK, that's a big order, but I figure her obese husband and children are busy parking; they'll come into the restaurant in a minute and help her out.

But nobody comes. She sits at a table by herself and eats the whole thing, the footlong meatball parm, the footlong Subway Club, and the personal pizza. She'll take a break occasionally to refill her coke, then sit back down and continue to dig in.

I was so disgusted I had to go mop the bathrooms to get away. This was the most disgusting interaction with a human being I've ever had. I feel full after one footlong, but two footlongs plus a personal pizza? That's fucking ramshit.

Nobody should eat that much food.

I'm being judgmental today and it feels good. Righteous indignation is a feeling I don't get to experience very often and recalling that encounter brings me a funny sort of liberating feeling.

Tell the Omen your stories; she'll listen. She doesn't judge. She doesn't even check for spelling and content like she used to. She will make you proud to be alive because she can offer validation to your voice in the form of black-and-white widely distributed text, friends. Rise up, all those who wish not to be slaves! Let our flesh and blood forge a new Great Wall!

We can all find something in the Omen which we can identify as tantamount to our spirit, our respect, our love. If

## EDITORIAL

## THE OMEN HAIKU

*views in the Omen  
do not necessarily  
reflect the staff's views*

we all give the Omen just a little bit of our time we can hold a certain special part of it close to our hearts. I urge you all to do this.

Your fearless leader,  
Ben Batchelder

## A Retraction



Last week we credited this photo to "Francie Kodosh." The photographer's real name is "Francie Chodosh." Sorry Francie!

The editor (who didn't do that credit) notes that the previous editor misspelled his name for 2 years: it's why I eventually came; to correct my name. Dammit, Evan Silberman...



# Section: Speak

## Meeting Minutes

### Community Council Meeting

#### September 20th, 2011

Attendance  
Eshe Shukura  
Ari Burton  
Dina Spanbock  
Nathan Whitmore  
Jimmy Lovett  
Devin Morse  
Grace Donahue  
Leanna Pohevitz  
Nelson Hernandez  
Camille Serrano  
Connie Hildreth  
Melanie Cox  
Ugyen Lhamo  
Josiah Litant

#### Intro Discussion

What is Community Council and how is it changing?  
What are the subcommittees of Community Council  
and how do they work?  
How are Community Council meetings structured?

Icebreaker (so awkward)

Reportbacks  
FiCom  
Five College  
SOURCE  
CoCA (absent)  
CoCD (absent)  
SafeCom (absent)

SGA Evolution Update  
Governance task force for the last two years assessed  
governance at Hampshire. One

of those recommendations was to construct a  
STUDENT-centered governance group.  
Over the summer, four work groups did research and  
planning around local, national  
and historical accounts of student governance. This  
fall, we would still like to make the  
"visioning sessions" happen, although some of the  
summer research must still be done.  
From this point forward, we would like all students to  
fill out the following form:  
[https://intranet.hampshire.edu/forms/viewForm.  
php?id=1112](https://intranet.hampshire.edu/forms/viewForm.php?id=1112) and to help with the  
current research projects still in motion.  
Community workshops will be coming in a couple of  
months. Sessions will consist of  
two parts: sharing summer research and then to ask  
questions of what the students  
would like to see happen (after viewing the research).  
THEN, then spring we will have  
a committee group will look at all of the research and  
community workshop input for it  
to come up with a paragraph or two purview for the  
SGA – what it can do, what it  
should know about. AFTER, bylaws will be created,  
the membership, all of it! GOAL:  
This will all be completed by the spring semester, and  
at the very end of the spring  
semester there will hopefully be elections for this new  
SGA to commence in the fall.

#### Letter to Jake Vogel

Ugyen drafted a letter in apology to Jake Vogel for the  
miscommunication of our S11  
elections, in which he was not notified of cancelled and  
new elections.

Leanna motions to approve the letter with the  
following corrections:

- Dina's emailed suggestions:

o I would say, "we realize that the confusion..." because  
'believe' seems like  
there's a question about it, a possibility that that wasn't  
the reason and  
there really isn't.

o Delete the extra "of" after "elections of which you  
were a part..."

- Sentence at the end: "Please be aware that all of our  
Tuesday meetings from  
3:30pm-5pm are open to the community (and we  
would love your involvement).

We will be running elections again in the spring."

- Add sentence where needed: "Though no one who  
ran the elections is under  
the current body, we realize that the mistake is still  
under the Community  
Council banner."

Organize a list of Council Member Responsibilities  
We discussed the responsibilities of officers, as drafted  
by Josiah and Leanna. Most of  
the draft was agreed upon, with the exception of a few  
changes made in conversation.

Leanna motions to move the discussion of House/at-  
Large responsibilities to the next  
meeting. Grace seconds.

Leanna motions to keep officer positions with the same  
stipend amount. People elected  
to these positions will receive these stipends  
automatically if not impeached by the end  
of their term (one semester). "Not impeached" means  
that each officer will fulfill each  
of the responsibilities outlined in the list that we  
discussed today. Dina seconds.

#### Officer Elections

Nominations were collected for all three officer  
positions:

Ballot elections votes Nathan as the Vice-Chair of  
Community Council.

Leanna motions to unanimously elect Devin with full  
support. Dina seconds.

Leanna motions to unanimously elect Nelson with full  
support. Dina seconds.

Meeting Adjourn



# Evan Silberman

Dear D.A.K.,  
I know you are reading this, you dirty fuck. Go blow a syphilitic bull.  
Eternally yrs.,  
Evan

Dear Jonny Lash,  
If you somehow raise a hundred million bucks, please lower tuition a bit as well as building shiny crap.  
Hopefully,  
Evan

Dear Hampshire,  
Thanks for being weird-haired flannel-wearing dirty hipster freaks. I honestly wouldn't have it any other way.  
Fondly,  
Evan

**Oh, Dang, I did NOT.**

Olivia Prato



# Cat Nap Greg Nahabedian

He first saw her at a Saturday night party. He was in his last year of college and would be graduating in a few months. She was the prettiest thing he had ever seen. She had short hair that just barely fell over her blue eyes. She was just a bit shorter than he was and had a warm and inviting smile. He was so shocked at the sight of her he tripped over a coffee table, spilling his drink all over the host. He was asked to leave but she thought he was cute and funny so she followed.

His name was Martin and he came from a poor family. Her name was Vanessa and so did she. Martin wanted to be a poet someday and Vanessa wanted to be a novelist. They fell in love instantly and for the next year they were inseparable.

One day Martin decided he wanted to marry Vanessa. When she woke up the next morning she found a poem written in rose petals outside her front door. It read:

For you I'd scamper and scurry.  
With you I'd need to be nowhere in a hurry.  
I'd walk with you to unfathomable seas.  
Vanessa, will you marry me?

And she did and they were the happiest couple the world had ever seen.

It didn't take Martin long to find a place for them to live. A nice hole in the wall in someone's kitchen. They were right next to the heater and not too far from the fridge. Whenever the owners of the house (their names were George and Stephanie Johnson) weren't in or sleeping, Martin and Vanessa would emerge from their home and work together to open the fridge. They would feast all night long, happy to be together, and happy to be healthy. And Martin kissed Vanessa goodnight and good morning every day.

One day after a few years of living in their comfy home, Vanessa began to feel ill. She coughed all day long and could hardly get out of bed. So Martin called a doctor who agreed to come see her. The

doctor said that Vanessa had a rare form of cancer that had no cure. The only way to fight off the spreading cancer cells, the doctor said, was to make sure Vanessa was eating plenty of cheese.

So every day, and sometimes twice, Martin would sneak into the kitchen and steal plenty of cheese for his beloved wife. She ate the cheese gratefully and slowly regained some of her strength. Before long she was able to walk again. The doctor told them that the cancer would likely never leave her body, but they could fight it off for as long as they could.

And things continued much in the same way until one day the owners of the house came home with a monster.

It slept all day long while the owners fed it and played with it. The monster purred with malicious intent, staring at the small entrance to Martin's home. When the owners were sleeping it patrolled Martin's door, waiting for him to come out. Now there was no chance for Martin to get any cheese for Vanessa.

Vanessa was getting weaker and Martin had no choice but to brave the kitchen for his soul mate. So one night as the monster paced back and forth Martin darted out of the door. It was after him fast, hissing and screeching. Martin scurried in every which way possible. He zig zagged across the kitchen floor hoping to trick the enraged monster. He jumped around a corner and stayed there with his back to the wall.

Everything was quiet. Where had the it gone? Martin slowly peered around the corner. The monster was nowhere to be found! Martin breathed a huge breath of relief and made his way for the fridge. He pulled the door open and retrieved as much cheese as he could possibly carry.

As he walked back to his door he shouted, "Hey! Vanessa! Nothing to worry about! I tricked that fucking cat!"

That's when he saw the shadow of a claw right next to him. Martin squeaked in fear, but before he could run, all of the cat's claws were piercing his body. He saw his entrails fall out of his torso as the cat hissed in delight. Martin grabbed at his guts, trying to put himself back together. Then the cat wrapped its jaws around Martin's head and killed him instantly.

Vanessa didn't know any of this had happened. She



had died while Martin was getting the cheese. The cancer had spread too far into her system.

In the morning, when the Johnsons woke up they came into the kitchen to find the dead body of a mouse lying next to their new kitten.

"Oh! Look, honey. Whiskers got a mouse for us!"  
"Oh, George. I knew getting a cat would be a good idea."

They patted Whiskers on the head as she fell into a nice nap. It was going to be a good day.

## Ten Dreams (of Olivia Prato's)

1. I want to run around in a meadow in the summertime in a huge, white, flowing gown.

2. I want to write and publish a book of what I sometimes consider the twelve basic European tales, although I often change my mind: Cinderella, Snow White and the Seven Dwarves, Bluebeard, Sleeping Beauty, Puss in Boots, Little Red Riding Hood, Jack and the Beanstalk, The Twelve Dancing Princesses, Rapunzel, The Frog Prince, Rumpelstiltskin, and Hansel and Gretel.

3. I want to put together a soundtrack of music box music, including the few seconds from the first Harry Potter movie, when Hermione walks in on the game of wizards' chess; the music box track from the anime Pandora Hearts; the music box versions of the Miyazaki movie Castle in the Sky instrumental tracks; the music box-y intro to the Josh Groban song "So She Dances"; the track in Enchanted when Giselle has just become a live-action human being and is about to climb through the pothole into New York; and the music box-y track in Castle in the Sky when Pazu and Sheeta are floating down towards the island in the kite.

4. I want to make a list of all the outfits I like from the graphic novel Bizenghast by M. Alice and make real outfits out of my favorites which I will then wear.

## Olivia Prato

DIV III: #

Common Insect  
Names for Social  
Justice

5. I want to have a framed Arthur Rackham print to hang in my bedroom—perhaps the ones of Peter Pan.

6. I want to have woods on my land, and have a path going into them, down which lead five round stepping stones. Each of these five stepping stones will be decorated with a disc of crackled, colored glass fixed to the surface. There will be one with red glass, one with yellow/orange, one green, one blue, and one violet/purple.

7. I want to have a glossy, neutral-palette painted statue of a snail to go with my other animal statues. The shell should be at least as large as my fist.

8. I want to learn to play the Castle in the Sky soundtrack on the piano and play it in front of an audience.

9. I want to wear a beaded, bottle-green, crinkly, shimmery evening gown with a sparkly silver ring to go with it.

10. I want to plant a mushroom garden in my backyard with all types of cute, Rackham-esque mushrooms.

## The Mysterious Encounter of Mysterious Mysteries, and a Shameless Advertisement

Jonathan Gardner

It's Sunday, and I have two research papers due in the coming week, neither of which I have made any progress on. My hope is that by submitting this largely pointless piece of writing to The Omen, I will be suddenly struck by a burst of divine inspiration, motivating me to actually figure out what the hell I'm going to write about for both of them. It's a bit of a stretch, I know, but I'm confident everything will work itself out. Either that or I'll have succeeded in killing a good twenty minutes. One of the two.

So let me tell you about a bizarre incident that happened to me Friday night, when many of you were probably either stumbling around in a drunken stupor or copulating (possibly both). I was on my way back to my room from visiting a friend, and a couple of girls from Smith were walking in front of me. One of them turned around and said "Hi Jon." Ordinarily, this wouldn't be that strange...except for the fact that I was completely certain that I had never met her before in my life. I didn't want to seem rude, though, so I said "Hi" back to her, and she proceeded to speak to me as if we already knew each other. She was on her way to the bus stop to go back to Smith, though, so the conversation didn't last long. I've been wracking my brain ever since then trying to remember where the hell I could have possibly met her before, but I'm almost certain I'd never even talked to anyone from Smith before that night. Is it possible that there's another guy named Jonathan around here who looks like me and that she mistook me for him? I have no idea. Maybe next time I see her I'll ask where the hell she knows me from.

Incidentally, it just occurred to me that I can shamelessly advertise in The Omen. So, let me tell you about a little something I've been running for the past few weeks: Where's Waldo Wednesdays. Every Wednesday I've been hiding a paper cutout of Waldo somewhere around campus. Whoever finds him and returns him to me is the winner, and they'll win...well, not much except for bragging rights, but I'll also print them out a nifty certificate of achievement. That's cool, right? Right. There's a Facebook page where I'll post

hints throughout the day; search for Hampshire Where's Waldo Wednesdays.

This message has been brought to you by Jonathan "I Have Way Too Much Time On My Hands" Gardner.

Ben Batchelder  
Comic

I use Facebook and Twitter too! I'm a modern well-adjusted 50-and-so!

Recently I have disengaged from both strata of social networking and am beginning to regret it.

Now people ask me why I live under a rock and I don't have a response.



# Meeting Minutes: Community Council Meeting September 27th, 2011

## Attendance

Grace Donahue  
Camille Serrano  
Nathan Whitmore  
Devin Morse  
Jimmy Lovett  
Dina Spanbock  
Eshe Shukura  
Ugyen Lhamo  
Melanie Cox  
Nelson Hernandez  
Connie Hildreth  
Josiah Litant  
Leanna Pohevitz  
Ari Burton  
Visitors:  
Alissa (Sports Co-op)  
Bob (OPRA Director)  
JLash (President)  
Beth (College Secretary)

Call the meeting to order at 3:32pm

Leanna moves to approve the minutes. Dina seconds.

Leanna moves to start meeting with JLash. Dina seconds.

## Jonathan's Concerns: TRI-COUNCIL

One of the recommendations from the GTF was to create a tri-council, which wasn't going to begin meeting until the new SGA was formed. Jonathan would like to start working with the governance bodies of Faculty, Students and Staff to start the Tri-Council sometime in October. We don't know exactly what they would cover, but he would like Community Council to work on getting members to it now for a pilot run.

It might be helpful to look at the GTF recommendations to see how to formulate it. It could be helpful for, at the first tri-council meeting, some GTF members attend. This group might be able to hammer out exactly what a tri-council can look like, as well as talk about issues already happening.

Jonathan would greatly benefit, as President, from having a working Tri-Council.

Community Council agrees with this idea. Josiah and Jonathan will convene this group.

## NEW DEAN OF FACULTY

Alan wants to go back to teaching, so Jonathan must appoint a new Dean of Faculty. Last night, at Pizza with the President, there was a conversation on how to choose the student representatives to this search committee (2 in total).

One of the ideas centered on the thought that interested students would attend the next Pizza with the President, where Jonathan would have ready a copy of the job description for the new Dean of Faculty position. These students could then nominate themselves, at the dinner, to serve on this committee. Afterward, a secret ballot, which would also take place at the dinner, could select the students for the committee.

Is it fair for only the students attending this dinner to be able to nominate/elect the representatives to this search committee? Would this one block of time exclude people that would be interested in being part of this committee?

Off-campus students might have an especially difficult time attending these – as it requires a whole trip back to Hampshire for an hour-long meeting.

Beth notes that, in the open campus nomination/election of student representatives to the Board of Trustee Committees, there are still student positions that are vacant. As the student governing body, she intends to bring this to Community Council. Is it possible that there may not have been enough background information, in some of these positions, for students to nominate themselves?

Some students, due to political beliefs, may be unwilling to participate in any of these democratic processes. Other students are, in general, not committed to serving on any of these committees.

One of these two students could be selected through Community Council, as this is already a body of student representatives who have been nominated/elected by their peers. The second representative could be elected through a larger, campus process.

Physical voting booths may improve the turnout of these elections. We could set up a table outside of SAGA and, as people walk out, they could vote.

First years may benefit from announcements in their tutorial courses. They could be informed of nomination and election periods.

The new Dean of Faculty position has few changes. Jonathan would like to see this new Dean address academic issues in a forward-moving capacity – thinking about the future and not just focusing on the current problems.

## COMMUNITY LIFE

The track meet, that occurred this past weekend, was not widely advertised to the whole community. This campus gets rented out a lot and the students are not told about it. What buildings are we not allowed to use because of this? Which roads will be blocked off? Dawn has committed to sending all-community announcements, in the future, but this has also been promised before.

Bob explained that it is OPRA that conducts these community track meets. It is a community service for the high school students of the area, there are even students that come from Virginia and New Hampshire. This is a cross-country invitational attraction for students of this age. Some of these students have even graduated high school and have come to Hampshire. Currently, they're reviewing whether or not to even keep having the event here. It's possible that they might even move it to another campus. If you look at local papers, these sorts of events are attracting attention and making us actually look attractive to the community. "It's like Halloween without the drugs and music."

The concern surrounding the event is not that it happens here, but that we don't know beforehand. Buses were not going to the bus circle, and that is an example of something we need to know ahead of time. Some students tried to get off-campus on the day of the track meet, and even the PVTA was not aware of the event and the areas that were blocked off on campus.

Students are often unaware, or withheld from, a lot of things. Once we do become aware of them, our reaction is not "how can we help," but "how we were excluded." Next time, we would love to be a part of this event!

The RCC and Multisport Center are closed very often. The Multisport is closed until 2pm on the weekends, and the RCC pool is open for only a couple of hours. What are the priorities surrounding health that we have, on campus? We must have some sort of outlet for students to exercise. Dawn has also responded to these needs, and it seems as though the Multisport, at least, will be opening earlier (~10am) on the weekends. Understanding that our college has a limited budget, could we take charge on several practical aspects of these centers? For example, could COCD buy a treadmill or other simple things to improve these locations? Currently, they are going to provide a scale for the Multisport.

We need to be in dialog with the President about these issues. Another college may have the means to provide more for these improvements. However, we might not be able to necessarily prioritize these issues. If Community Council were able to feasibly compile some of these student (financial) concerns, it might make some of the spaces much more attractive. Grace is tackling some these issues in her Div III. How can the physical spaces of Hampshire College be best used to accommodate our social community? She would love to collaborate or take charge in some of these initiatives.

The Hampshire College EMTs do not necessarily get paid for all of the time that they work. Their equipment is paid for through the Student Activities Fund.

There are many examples of things like this. Sports, as well as several religious groups, must go through FiCom and request money for things that the college widely advertises to incoming students as services it offers. However, there have been months in which religious student groups, on campus, have not been able to meet together, for religious purposes, due to a lack of funds from the Student Activities Fund.

Some of these ideas spark questions within the group of whether or not the college should provide certain types of institutional funds for spiritual student services, as all students may not identify with these ideas.

At other colleges in the valley, however, students are given these services. It is only at Hampshire, where students are isolated from these experiences. Many of the other schools have religious buildings, or are more closely tied with one another. For example, a Jewish Hampshire student at UMass has noted how many more opportunities and support structures there exist for Jewish students.

Other college-funded ideas involve an extension of the cultural center, there have been a lot of new international students, and at events in general there is not space. Also, the college's central theater cannot really occupy too many students (max 80). This, as well as some sort of set-building shop, would greatly improve the theater program at Hampshire, as students must currently go to Smith to build their sets.

Jonathan has taken the FIRST mandate from the strategic planning to "green" the RCC and build a Community Center. If the Community Center can meet some of these needs, then there would be an open design process for this.

## Sports Co-op Budget:

Sometime in May, Sarah (previous FiCom director) asked Melanie (current director) to look up some sort of funding history for Sports Co-op and send an email to Mark Spiro about getting institutional funding for Sports Co-op. Mark responded saying that there was a \$17,300 fund. Bob verified that this was the first time (aside from the SAF) that the school had given funds to collegiate sports teams.

FiCom has brought Sports Co-op's request to Community Council, as it is over \$5000. The request totals at \$14,838, and is only part of Sports Co-op's entire budget – the rest being internally managed using the \$17,300 of institutional funding, as well as some \$7,600 being provided by OPRA, which is appropriated away from other needs.

This semester, they've joined the Yankee Small College Conference, which is part of a national collegiate association. This league fee comes out of the OPRA budget – about \$5,000 annually.

One new addition to this budget proposal, compared to previous year's, is an Athletic Trainer. The trainer would be there to make sure that the participant is healthy enough to participate, which includes being taped up and answering any health questions. At



Hampshire, there is no person that can provide athletic training to all the students.

Was the \$17,300 supposed to cover all of Sports Co-op's expenses? For Sports Co-op this would be impossible, but the business office believes that this is how institutional funding works. However, this is still really not enough. Can FiCom continue to provide their gap, and continue to work with Sports Co-op and OPRA to slowly remove this as one of the SAF's responsibilities? If we continue to give permanent funds to Sports Co-op, then it must be some sort of all-student vote.

Community Council would like to see Sports Co-op's entire budget, which would include their received institutional funding, any contribution from OPRA, as well as the itemized funding request proposed to the SAF. We would like to see how the institutional funds are being used, and how the total expenditures of Sports Co-op differ from previous semesters - where Sports Co-op would request significantly less funds.

It might be helpful for this new budget to highlight which accounts are covering which expenses, which are new costs, which are annual costs - if any. Bob has this institutional piece, and Alissa can add the funding request from the SAF.

It is important to note that many other student groups and sports teams that are not within the Sports Co-op umbrella use some of the services paid for by their budget. For example, many teams use the soccer fields, which are maintained through this budget. Nathan moves to table the Sports Co-op decision to next week. Dina seconds.

#### FiCom Reportback:

CoCA requested over \$35,507.50 for the rest of their semester spending. This amount, due to the fact that it is over \$5,000, must be presented to Community Council in order for FiCom to approve. FiCom has reviewed the expenditures and the Financial Director of FiCom has been working closely with them and is assured that they are appropriate. This request does NOT include the budget for Hampshire Halloween.

This promotes a discussion for the possibility of these subcommittees to request funds through Community Council. Can subcommittees like CoCD receive their allotted \$20k without requesting it through FiCom, can Community Council approve a budget from CoCA without the need for CoCA to go through

#### FiCom?

Nathan moves that Community Council approve up to \$36,000 for CoCA given FiCom's budget recommendation. Nelson seconds. Leanna blocks.

Without having worked closely with CoCA, or reviewing any budget breakdown, there is a sense of inadequate oversight. CoCA is running low on money, but this should not be a reason for Community Council to ignore proper oversight. CoCA should also be aware of its low funds and request money sooner. Is there any way for Community Council to approve funding for CoCA that would keep it functional until next week's Community Council meeting - as the student groups would ultimately suffer the most from a CoCA lacking in funds?

In the past, the subcommittees have approved exactly \$4999 for these cases, as they do not need to be approved through Community Council. However, the last time that something was approved, to this amount, it was seen as a "side-step" to the oversight process.

#### Voting Commences:

##### In Favor:

Nelson Hernandez  
Melanie Cox  
Ugyen Lhamo  
Nathan Whitmore

##### Opposed:

Leanna Pohevitz  
Grace Donahue  
Jimmy Lovett

##### Abstain:

Devin Morse  
Dina Spanbock  
Connie Hildreth  
Eshe Shukura

The motion fails without a majority.

Leanna moves to adjourn the meeting, at 5:09pm. Eshe seconds.

# Section: Hate

## Pub Saf Ben Batchelder

At 11:00 at night I was walking to the practice rooms in the Music and Dance Building when a blinding pair of headlights crept up from behind. It was Pub Safety, driving about four feet behind me on the sidewalk. I stepped aside to let it pass. The car sped up and drove underneath the solar panel lights of the Charles and Polly Longworth Arts Village, the lights that are always on. It pulled to a halt two feet away from ASH. An officer stepped out and walked into the building.

I knew these sidewalks were built to fit cars but this filled me with rage. Why couldn't he have parked in the parking lot and walked? It's not that far from ASH. Fuck you, Pub Safety. You are an entitled little shit.

About seven minutes later I was tinkering away in Practice Room C when the very same officer peered in through the door window and knocked on it three times. This took me by surprise. If you ever find yourself alone in a room and Pub Safety sneaks up on you like this, even if you're not doing anything illegal, your first reaction may be to shit yourself a little bit and gaze blankly at him. This is a normal reaction.

But by this point I was getting pretty annoyed at this intruding embodiment of the law. For the second time tonight it had interrupted a forming musical thought in its bumbling quest to serve the public.

I opened the door and tried to wear a sassy face.

"Hey, we're closing up early tonight so when you're finished, you just have to leave."

That's it? I can do that. I was going to do that anyway. "Ok," I said with a merely a hint of sass, and shut the door.

So I guess I was wrong. Maybe Pub Safety isn't such an entitled little shit after all. It was a Sunday; the man probably had to close up every building on campus. Fuck it, he's Pub Safety, why should he have to walk? He's doing this campus a service.

Especially since on the weekdays there's usually a building monitor at the Music and Dance Building. Even if you're busy playing she kicks you out at midnight. Used to be 2:00 am. Fuck whoever made that decision.



# *Hampshire Bitches Out* *Celia: An example of school* *Spirit*

Crystal Hope Garrity

If you haven't already seen or heard, some Smithie has mistaken word of mouth for research and written an article for The Sophian, Smith's independent student press. While trying to promote Hampshire and our "quirks," she actually incessantly bashes Hampshire in the most annoyingly condescending and ignorant manner possible. Which is what makes this article both infuriating and damn hilarious.

Now, Celia, the "journalist" (LOL) that wrote this piece, probably thought that we were all too busy getting high and making horseshoes and shopping for hobo-chic attire to ever bother reading her silly little piece in this Smith publication. This, of course, was her first mistake, because unlike her, we actually keep ourselves informed about what the other colleges are up to. So we caught on pretty quickly to the fact that a Five College student was talking some shit about Hampshire on the internet.

And we BITCHED. HER. OUT.

Seriously. Hampshire students don't necessarily always show school spirit by attending our frisbee games, or sporting the word "HAMPSHIRE" across our asses, or chanting school cheers. But DAMN we can rant like nobody's business. And when we rant, we are intelligent, specific, politically correct, and perfectly vicious in the most blatant and hilarious way.

I am proud to be a Hampshire student. I am proud to stand among stoners and hobo-esque fashionistas and blacksmiths and writers and Arabic translators. I am proud to see all of my fellow students sticking up for our school, our methods, our integrity, our initiative, and our kick-ass alternative education.

So even though she'll never see this because she obviously doesn't spend enough time on Hampshire campus or with Hampshire students to ever find herself in possession of The Omen, I just want to give a big old shout out to Celia for voicing her ignorance in a public place where we can submit our rebuttals. While her article may persuade some people away from Hampshire, if they read the many comments, they'll see just how fantastic Hampshire actually is.

And disregarding Celia, my fellow Hampshire students deserve an even bigger shout out. We are a happy, dedicated, proactive, hard-working campus of students who are willing to fight for our school's reputation because we have some of the best opportunities available. I am so glad that I am a part of all this, and I thank you all for your love of learning and your loyalty to Hampshire. We really do rule this consortium. :)

-Crystal Hope Garrity

<http://www.smithsophian.com/opinions/despite-quirks-hampshire-offers-undergrads-concentrated-personalized-education-scene-1.2616662>

^The article, for those unfamiliar with it.

# *Littering is Bad and You* *Should Feel Bad* by Greg Larsen

I picked up a copy of the Climax today. Noticed the new layout, I'm a fan. There was a full page spread of people doing things on Wall Street before the story that explained it, which was a little disconcerting. It's no big deal, though. Theoretically, we're all aware of that because of those tents on the library lawn. That's what they're there for, right? I have absolutely no problem with the content of this Climax. Well, post-rock's not as bad as that last article makes it sound, but that's not the point.

There was a light north breeze today, something like 5 miles per hour. When there's that much wind, small things like leaves, hats, and copies of the Climax are prone to get blown about a bit. Dear readers, what bothered me about this week's Climax was the fact that I found it strewn across the Merrill Quad. Apparently, somebody thought that it was a good idea to leave unstapled, unweighted papers outside. I saw piles on the picnic table by Merrill and on that stone wall outside the library that looked pretty intentional. There were probably more elsewhere, but I didn't see them.

With any student publication, more copies are generally printed than necessary. Why, there were even a few stray copies of the last Omen in the post office this morning. It's sad but true. However, these copies end up being recycled or, in the cases of our beloved and glorious publication, saved in ten-plicate for all eternity in the Omen Office. But there's a line. There were easily seven or eight copies of the Climax scattered around the gazebo, possibly more across the library lawn. Now, I don't hold any particular animosity toward the Official School Paper. However, I take issue with my share of the Student Activities Fee money being used to get Climax all over the ground. Stick to indoor distribution, folks.

# *Some Free Verse from Just 302*

Allison McCarthy

airquotes:  
can we ban air quotes  
like,  
forever.

lots of unwashed hair over there.  
good thoughts  
bad hair.

hm...thank you...for restating..what...the study  
guide...already said.

airquotes redux:  
that wasn't a pun.

who let that twelve year old in here.

airquotes redux iii:  
you are the only one still laughing.  
the only  
one  
whywhywhywhy

oh yikes  
someone came from an ankle length dress kind of  
childhood.

an unfortunate glance to the right:  
WOAH  
WHAT IS HAPPENING WITH YOUR PANTS  
RIGHT NOW?

hey jean jacket guy to my right  
i feel your sweaty pain  
for i too am wearing long layers in 85-degree heat  
one day we won't be self conscious about our arms.

hahah, bishop of hippo  
it's funny cause  
hippos

everyone else in the class is vegan?  
it's gonna look real bad when i eat that entire pizza  
then, huh



airquotes redux iv:

woahhhhh  
hand gestures

"well i didn't really read it as a religious--"

wait  
back up three words  
and just stop there.

airquotes redux v:  
look

i feel bad, you're actually contributing to class  
(even if it is with air quotes)  
i'm just sulking in the back being bitchy  
so sorry

hahaha the girl using her water bottle to fan herself  
just hit herself in the face

airquotes redux vi:  
OH THERE YOU FUCKING GO AGAIN.

## Section: Lies

### Horoscopes

Allison McCarthy

Libra (Sept. 24--Oct. 23) Mars is in decline; stay inside, watch "Unstoppable" on repeat for the next 3 days.

Scorpio (Oct. 24--Nov. 22) Solar charts indicate your mom is sad you didn't call her last week, wonders where she went wrong in raising you.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23--Dec. 22) As the next month opens, so too will your pants. Reconsider your standards.

Capricorn (Dec. 23--Jan. 20) Woah! Hey! Your hair looks great! What? You think they cut it too short? Nah! Looks fine! Really!

Aquarius (Jan. 21--Feb. 19) I would get that rash looked at if I were you.

Pieces (Feb. 20--March 20) The stars are working in mysterious ways this week. You should eat some salad!

Aries (March 21--April 20) Your health is delicate. Do not go to class and sicken everyone else. Don't...do...that.

Taurus (April 21--May 21) I've been thinking about hot yoga; I don't know, what do you think? Too sweaty? Or is that good for you? I bet it's kind of slippery though.

Gemini (May 22--June 21) You're a superstar, and so are your horoscopes! Good job! Keep it up!!!

Cancer (June 22--July 23) This is a good week to fulfill old debts. Even small ones. Like, three dollar ones. People remember, ok? Jesus.

Leo (July 24--Aug. 23) Sometimes I think cats are like tiny old men sitting in the corner judging me, but I also think I sometimes project my own insecurities onto them. "Why aren't you wearing makeup?" "That shirt is ugly." "You're ruining your hair with all that dye." Ah-hhh I'm sorry, just stop throwing your litter around!!!!

Virgo (Aug. 24--Sept. 23) Buy 1 get 2 free on russet potatoes at the Big Y! Venus is starboard, great financial success, whatever, remember to use your card!!!

Ophiuchus (???-???) Ohhh, sorry, I forgot what dates you were.

## Old Man By the Sea

Olivia Prato

There is an old man who lives by the sea  
He's calling, he's calling; he's calling to me  
He has jackcorn and biscuits and honeydew rice  
And a tale that's for telling, about whales and some mice.

His laundry is out, and that means he's sad.  
The laundry line left overnight is just bad.  
Maybe his jackcorn was left out all day,  
Or maybe he's thinking of sweet Linda May.

Sweet Linda May was the one that he loved.  
A few years ago she went up above.  
I know that he thinks of her more than he'll say.  
I think of her too, our sweet Linda May.

She used to tell stories of home far away,  
The land she grew up in and worked in and played.  
She told us of demons who hiss in the night  
And what Mumsie was cooking by soft candlelight.

I wish the old man could smile again,  
But nothing I say can get him to grin.  
I even made jackcorn myself for him once,  
But chuckled he did, and just called me a dunce.

There is an old man who lives by the sea  
He's calling, he's calling; he's calling to me.  
There is no more jackcorn, there is no more rice.  
There's no more good stories with whales and with mice.

The old man is tired; been tired for days.  
More tired than normal, I did hear him say.  
While eating a biscuit and reading a poem,  
He was talking of really how old he had grown.

I run to the seaside, and know it for sure;  
I've missed him by moments, not very much more.  
He looks fast asleep in that old reading chair,  
A book in his hand about whales and a hare.

And now I make jackcorn on calm, cloudy days  
To think of that man, and his sweet Linda May.

## Right Through Your Pinnacle

Olivia Prato

Just as I  
Will try to die  
Or fly.  
But why?  
Who knows?  
Not I.

You, you got me  
Right where you want me  
Right through your pinnacle  
I see you in me.

We are in the mirror,  
My face and your hatred.  
I see it in you.  
I see it in me.

You are my poison,  
The one that I chose  
And so now forever  
It's us and we're buddies.

I hate that you grin  
With all of your teeth  
So now, with my lips,  
We'll smile like I do.  
And you will adjust.  
You may scream in our mind,  
But you will adjust.

Because you are silence,  
And I am the voice.  
I'm conversation,  
But you are my noise.  
The noise in my head.  
The thoughts in your brain.  
We're one and the same,  
And tonight the moon wanes.

When I was a fork,  
I loved to sort  
My clothes out like  
A Frederick bike,  
And when you die  
You'll be a fly

In endingstown, they had a girl  
A pretty girl.  
That's what I heard.

In indignstown, they had a boy,  
A quiet boy.  
That's what I heard.

In endingstown, the girl escaped;  
She ran away.  
That's what I heard.

In endingstown, the boy they kept,  
They locked him up,  
That's what I heard.

In endingstown, the girl came back,  
She came for him,  
That's what I heard.

From endingstown, they got away,  
They ran away,  
That's what I heard.

And now they're free, forever free,  
To love and be.  
As free as I wish that I could be.



## All That Good Shit

### Vivamaree Hansen

What little breath he had left left with that punch. Dominant blow. Dead. He is.  
Not her.

Shes kickin. She's like fuck this.

She's like fuck this I'm kicking.

And he's existing but ultimately insignificant. Like she wants to care but caring is sharing and that's gay. His (the other guy), (the one with the dominant punch), he's like well fucklet me fuckin reload to kill her. He does. She's all space case and he's face lifting, no celery. Moist lips mean bang bang.



## Sven Needs Dean to Tie His Basket String

Olivia Prato

"Hey Kid! Hey, can I get some help down here?"  
I slammed my pencil down. "What do you need?"

"I need you to help me with something. Just come down a second."

"I'm trying to do homework! What do you want?"

"Hey, Kid, that's no way to talk to me. Aren't we friends? You and I? Come on."

"What exactly is the problem?"

"I need you to help me with something."

"Later! I'm busy! I'm trying to do homework!"

"It can't wait, bud. It's the basket."

"What about the basket?"

"The string came off."

"Well, tie it back on!"

"My fingers keep slipping. Come on, Kid, it's just for a second."

I rested the pencil down on my notebook like a mother sets down a baby in its cradle. I edged my chair neatly away from my desk. I walked out of my room, turning the lights off to save electricity, and closing the

door so the draft from the window could circulate nicely. I walked down the stairs, gingerly keeping hold of the banister to keep my balance.

I walked into the kitchen and stood in front of him to await instructions.

"Whoa, Kid. You don't have to look so mad. Come on over, just take this."

"Why can't you do it yourself?"

"Here's the string. See? It's already tied to the basket. All I need you to do is tie it around my wrist. It's too tough to tie something to your own wrist."

"Why do you need this?"

"It's so no one tries to take my basket while I sleep. See, they try to pull on the basket, the string tugs my wrist, and I wake up. Catch the robber red-handed."

"Why do you need me to do it? What, didn't you ever have to do it yourself before I was here?"

"It hasn't worn through like that in a while."

"Fine. Give me the string."

"I really appreciate it, bud."

"I really have to do my homework, okay?"

"I know that. Come on, this isn't taking too long. See, you're almost done."

"This is stupid. What, should I double-knot it? It's just going to come undone."

"Yeah, double-knot it. Triple, actually. If you can."

I snorted. "Yes, I can do a triple."

"There you go, little man."

"I have a test this week. It's actually important. I'm actually going to be graded a decent percent of my overall grade for it."

"I know, I know."

"Okay. It's done. Is there anything else you need?"

"No, that's great Kid."

"Okay. I'm going to my room now. Is that all right with you?"

"Hey, man, all I did was ask a favor, okay? You should speak nicer to your uncle."

"Sorry."

"Aw, no worries, little man. No worries. I'll let you know when dinner's done. I can get started, now the basket's all set."

"Okay, great. Thanks."

"Work hard up there."

"Sven?"

"Yeah, Kid?"

"Nothing."

"What is it? You can tell me."

"No it's just—well, if a robber came in and actually wanted to take your basket—wouldn't he just untie the string? Or, you know, cut it? Never mind. Forget it."

He stared at me.

"Forget it," I tried again, but he just stared.



## Martha Stewart

Hannah Melville-Weatherbee

I am thirsty for mayhem now  
I want to shatter crystal goblets  
on the cherub faced moldings of my  
manicured 1840s mantelpiece.  
Break out the eyelet table cloths!-  
I want to sift flour and wine  
and certified organic soil until  
the threads separate; watch me let them snap!  
And oh, my garden! Bring me helicopters!  
Bring me pesticides! Bring me salt!  
What the fuck are these  
origami folds doing in my  
two thousand thread-count  
sea-foam green  
imported Egyptian cotton  
bed sheets?!

Look at me!  
I've got starfish carcasses  
glued to the trim of  
my third floor, second on the left guest bathroom  
and half the housewives in America think that's  
marvelous!

Look me in the hazelnut eyes!  
I want dirt inside my pores-  
no cucumber extracts,  
no avocado,  
lavender or lemongrass  
balm or creams or salves.  
I want to unravel alpaca, mohair, angora, rex sweat-  
ers!

The air will be cold, just cold, not crisp- just fucking  
cold-  
when I run through smog and smoke and my neigh-  
bors'

back pastures wearing nothing  
but white Wal-Mart ankle socks-  
a gift from the children in Indonesia who don't  
have fingers or eyes.





***[Clever back cover goes here - send YOUR ideas for this space to OMEN@HAMPSHIRE.EDU]***